

MR. THRIFTSPENDER.

The Secret That Costs Him \$500 a Year.

Robert Thriftspender sat one morning luxuriously smoking his silver pipe before his dressing-room fire. The flames, slowly stirred, had just been placed at his elbow and a brandy-and-soda fizzed temptingly beside it. Mr. Thriftspender lay back, with his fingers intertwined over that part of him where his digestive apparatus ought to have been, and twiddled his thumbs with an unconscious air as was compatible with a slight chronic dyspepsia. He was indulging in a little retrospection. How fortunately everything had turned out for him. Indeed, barring his dyspepsia, Providence could hardly have dealt more kindly with him in his middle age had his youth been the correctest instead of somewhat wild and reckless. He had down the wind and was reaping a harvest. Not that Mr. Thriftspender, whose Mr. Thriftspender knew, was the Mr. Thriftspender that was known to the world about him. There from it. There were two Mr. Thriftspenders, as to speak—Mr. Thriftspender and a Dr. Thriftspender—two personages as distinct as the Gordian brothers, but represented by one actor, who played the double part. The Mr. Thriftspender known to the world was an independent member of parliament, the devoted husband of a plain wife, whom he had married without prospects; a man whom Providence had chastened with a dyspepsia rather far from the fault of his forbears than his own. The Mr. Thriftspender known to himself and to one other was a politician who had never joined a party, because he never knew his own mind; the husband of a wife whom the strong-willed Lady Thriftspender had forced him to marry, controlling as she did, the entire fortune amassed by the late Sir Threthrednall Thriftspender, a man who had only himself to thank for the measure of ill health which the world put down to heredity.

The girl he had married was the Lady Mary Fortune, who had been entrusted to the care of Lady Thriftspender, while the marquis of Brixton, her father, was completing the term of his governorship of Hometown. For the space of a year Mr. and Lady Mary Thriftspender, whose marriage was far from being acceptable to her parents, had lived on the old lady's bounty.

It is proverbially an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the gale which blew the good ship Dreadnought, with the marquis and marchioness of Brixton and their only son, the infant Lord Stockwell, to the bottom of the sea and incidentally cast a matter of £500,000 in the 3-per-cent into the lap of Lady Mary Thriftspender, could hardly prove anything but agreeable to that lady's amiable husband. He began to think that really he must have been so cute as to heed what Providence; but, whatever was the cause of his good fortune, he was, at all events, inclined this morning on which we are introduced to him to be thoroughly content with the course which his affairs had taken.

True, the heyday of youth and an unimpaired digestion were passed, but he found a dignified and luxurious ease by no means a bad exchange for them, and it was wonderful how many of his waking hours could be enjoyed in the contemplation of the wickedness of his early manhood, the recollection of his Sturm und Drang. Imagination enabled him to take delight in the past without running any of the risks by which they had been accompanied. Never again would he hazard reputation or liberty in the pursuit of unrespectable enjoyments.

At this moment his reverie was interrupted by the entrance of his valet. Now, Mr. Silby was an absolutely perfect servant. He looked upon his employment as an art. It was not enough for him that every gentleman required certain things done for him, and there a servant's duty ended. He recognized that every gentleman had his idiosyncrasies, his weaknesses, his pet vices, and that to become indispensable these peculiarities must be studied in all their bearings. His late master, the marquis of Brixton, had declared that his greatest grief in leaving England had been the necessity of parting with Silby. Indeed, had it not been for the marchioness it is more than doubtful whether, on learning that Silby absolutely refused to leave his native land, his lordship would not have thrown up his appointment on the eve of his departure. The man had lately become butler to Lady Thriftspender and body-servant to her son.

"Tell her ladyship, Silby, that I shall not be dining at home this evening."

"Yes, sir; if you please, sir, the same man has called as called yesterday when you were out. He says will you please to see him, as he has something very important to communicate."

"What did you say his name was?"

"Thomas Bowling, sir."

"What sort of a looking person is he?"

"He's respectably dressed, sir, but seems to me rather foreign in his manner."

"Well, if he looks clean, you can show him up here, only you had better stay within call."

In a few minutes a heavy footstep was heard on the stair, and Mr. Bowling stood within the sacred precincts of Mr. Thriftspender's luxurious dressing-room.

"Well, Mr. Bowling, what is this matter of the first importance that you have to communicate?"

"Mr. Thriftspender, it's a long story I've got to tell you; and if it's agreeable to you, I'll take the liberty of taking a chair."

The moment the man began to speak it was very evident that he was colonial, and the ease of his manner in the presence of unaccustomed luxury and luxuries made it even more apparent that he was not a member of the English poorer classes. He wheeled an easy-chair boldly up from the corner of the room, and placing it close to the fireplace, without "By your leave" he lay back, stretched out his feet upon the rug, and said as he sat: "So far as the conversation is concerned we must stand or sit upon an equality."

Mr. Thriftspender was so taken aback by the man's splendid audacity that he was unable to make any response to his presumption, and was found himself in a cowardly sort of way smiling an acquiescence.

He began to feel that this was a man who was likely to dominate him,

and he regretted now, when it was too late, that he had not insisted upon knowing what was his business before having him admitted.

"Now, Mr. Thriftspender, sir," the stranger began, "I've got a strange, strange story to tell you, and one which, if I am not greatly mistaken, will prove a vast deal more strange than pleasant to you and your wife. I've come to this country on purpose to tell it to somebody, and, from all that I can gather, you are the person most interested, and, therefore, entitled to hear it first. You, too, will be able to advise me [this he said with deeper suggestiveness in his tone] whether it's a story worth repeating to others or no."

Mr. Thriftspender moved uneasily in his chair. Could it be that at last one of his wild oats was about to bring forth fruit? Could it really be that, although

"The mills of God grind slowly," they are certain in the end to get hold of and grind all with exactness? However, at any rate, he must present a bold front, albeit he was pretty certain in his heart that this brutal visitor of his had descended at first place that he had but a cowardly fellow to deal with.

"Well, Mr. Bowling, proceed with your story. At present I am at a loss to understand how anything with any mystery in it can be any concern of mine. Let me remind you, too, before it is too late, that any communication you may think fit to make to me is not of my seeking, and I refuse to bind myself in any way not to divulge any facts that you may reveal to me if I hereafter think fit to do so."

Mr. Thriftspender looked at his visitor as much as to add: "You see, you've got a devil of a fellow to deal with," but was disappointed to notice that Mr. Bowling did not seem to be particularly impressed.

On the contrary he merely cleared his throat, spat into the fire and proceeded with his story as if there had been no interruption.

"Four years ago I was a third-class passenger on board the steamship Dreadnought bound for the port of London. I need not tell you, sir, the story of that ship's loss. You, I'll be bound, know all the details as well as anyone alive, that is to say bar a very interesting little bit of news which is only known to myself. The newspapers had it that every soul aboard that vessel was lost, but I'm able to tell you in my own person that those newspapers made a mistake. I, sir, Thomas Bowling, was saved by what some would call luck, but what I call Providence, so as the right people should come rightly by their own. I, Mr. Thriftspender, had by the sweat of my brow made a considerable fortune in the far east, and was on my way back to my native land to enjoy the fruits of a hard life; but that competency, sir, went down in the good ship Dreadnought. What, then, I ask you, did Providence owe that ship's crew save my miserable life for? I'll tell you—although I never guessed why it was until three months ago. Although I've a rough outside, Mr. Thriftspender, I've a soft heart, and it was because my heart was soft that I was saved from that wreck. Yes, sir, on that last terrible night, when, with our engines disabled and her sails in ribbons, the Dreadnought lay as helpless as a log in that tremendous sea, a man was the equal of a gentleman, a woman the equal of a lady, and third-class passengers stood side by side and wept and trembled with the first-classers from the saloon. Every

lurch the ship gave was expected to be our last, and we were all huddled close to one another as if determined to go into eternity not alone but in couples. By my side a fine lady clasped her little boy to her bosom. She seemed to have forgotten all terror for herself in the soothing of him. I said a hearty word or two to her, poor thing, which made her turn and look at me. I had got hold of a large cork belt, which I had slipped on, as well as a small life-buoy, which I thought I might as well have as anyone else.

"Are you a good swimmer?" she said the moment she looked at me.

"Yes, I said, 'but good swimming won't do much in a sea like this.'"

"Will you do what you can to save this child? A mother's blessing will be your reward. My husband is in his cabin unable to move. I must go to him. Possibly I may never see my child again. Take him, and may heaven preserve you and him!"

"In a moment I had taken the child in my arms and the poor mother had vanished down the companion-ladder. To make a long story short, Mr. Thriftspender, I and this little boy were picked up by a passing Portuguese vessel bound for Sydney, and in due time were landed there. We were the only two saved from the wreck of the Dreadnought."

Mr. Bowling here paused in his narrative and looked at his companion as though expecting some remark from him, but all that he was vouchsafed was: "Well, I'm waiting to see what on earth your story has to do with me."

"What? Then you've not made a guess?"

"No," lied the other, "not a ghost of a guess."

"Well, then, perhaps these trinkets, which were found tied round the child's neck, will quicken your wits a bit," and Mr. Bowling took from his pocket a small leather case and handed it to his companion.

Mr. Thriftspender took the case, and with fingers whose trembling he was unable to control, brought to light a gold and coral baby's rattle, a signet ring, and a small gold-mounted miniature on ivory. On the rattle the initials "G. T. F." were engraved, the ring bore the Brixton coat-of-arms, cut on a bloodstone, and the miniature was a portrait of Lady Mary's mother.

"Still I fail to see what these have to do with me," at length he said, "for it was more natural to him to lie than to speak the truth."

"Then, Mr. Thriftspender, sir, I've made a mistake," said Bowling, rising from his seat, "and I ask your pardon for troubling you with them. I've a letter also which purports to be in the handwriting of the little boy's mother, signed 'Lady Brixton,' and authenticating the child. This, with these trinkets, I shall place to-morrow morning in the hands of Messrs. Ludwig & Ludwig, who, I understand, are the family lawyers in case you may wish to communicate with me, sir, that address," handing him a piece of paper, "will find me," and pocketing the trinkets Mr. Bowling withdrew.

Left alone, Mr. Thriftspender lay back in his chair, unheeding, trembling in every limb, face to face with the

most terrible of old bogies of mankind with the nervous dyspepsia—a pressing alternative.

On the one hand, poverty, with its attendant train of discomforts and unbearable anxieties and cheese-parings; on the other, riches, retained by fraud, and subject constantly to the illimitable drain of a possibly insatiable black-mailer, with the disquietude of a constant dread of being found out. In either case his dyspepsia was bound to be aggravated. Poverty would entail a third-rate cook, while the retention of his first-rate chef would entail an ever-present grinding anxiety which draws the blood away from the stomach where it is most needed. What was to be done? Clearly the man must not be allowed to go to Messrs. Ludwig & Ludwig with his diabolical proofs of the existence of a young marquis of Brixton before he had had sufficient time to think over the matter.

Why, Bowling might even now be changing his mind and going to see the lawyers this very day. The very thought of this possibility threw the poor dyspeptic into a profuse perspiration, and he tugged at his belt with his mind only half made up as to what should be done.

When the faithful Silby appeared he found his poor master in a very miserable plight indeed. His forehead was bedewed with perspiration, while hands and feet were as cold as ice, and his breath came sharp and fast. Mr. Thriftspender felt that he was on the verge of having a fit. But it was only fancy, and in a few minutes Silby had got him into some nicely aired clothes and he lay back comparatively calm, though somewhat exhausted, in his easy chair.

"That man has upset me a good deal, Silby," at length he panted. "I must really stick to my rule—never to see anybody before I am dressed. It's too much for me. I'm not strong enough to bear any excitement before one o'clock."

"No, sir, I began to feel anxious when I heard the man talking so loud, lest you should have one of your attacks, sir; and the doctor says you must be careful, sir, and not overdo yourself."

"You are right, Silby; I don't know what I should do without you. By the bye, I want a note taken once to that man. It must be delivered without fail into his own hands as soon as possible."

"Yes, sir; and I think, sir, you should take some of your drops, sir."

The late afternoon again saw Thomas Bowling and Robert Thriftspender closeted together, and this interview had a very practical outcome.

It is unnecessary to follow the course of the negotiations; it is sufficient to say that for the sum of five hundred pounds per annum Mr. Bowling undertook to keep his secret, and to bring up the young marquis of Brixton as his own son.

"It is, of course, no hardship to the boy, who has never known better things," Mr. Bowling; and, indeed, wealth and position are far from being as enviable as they look. I am far—"

"You will, of course, like to see the young marquis—I beg your pardon, my boy George—now and again, Mr. Thriftspender," said Bowling, interrupting.

"I think not," Mr. Bowling, replied the dyspeptic, with unusual decision in his tone. "I think not. The fact is, my health is not at all good, and, indeed, I feel that I could hardly bear the sad memories which the sight of the poor child would conjure up."

"Just as you wish, sir, of course. Only you understand that it would be more satisfactory to you that you should see for yourself that the lad is being well looked after."

"Let me assure you, once for all, Mr. Bowling, that I am perfectly content to leave that to you."

Mr. Thriftspender still lives, if the successive periods of nervous depression and active apprehension which go to make up his existence can be properly termed life.

His faithful Silby watches over him with a devotion and assiduousness which nothing can surpass. He is a tender-hearted fellow, a man, indeed, who would not hesitate to risk his own life to prolong that of his master.

"Just to think," as he often says, with tears in his eyes, to his brother, Thomas Silby, alias Bowling, "just to think that so long as Robert Thriftspender lives those little trinkets that I kept from poor, dead and gone little Lord Stockwell when he started with his ma and pa for Hometown, should be worth a matter of \$500 a year to you and me, and all without so much as keeping a young marquis out of his own."—London News.

—A colored "friend and brother" in a southern state, twenty years or more ago, was made a trial justice, says the Lewiston Journal, and promptly heard his first case. He listened to the evidence and the arguments of the lawyers, and then seemed at a loss what to do next. Seeing his dilemma, one of the lawyers nudged him. "Now charge the jury," said the lawyer; "charge the jury." The justice thereupon arose and said: "Brethren, this is a small case, and I shall charge you a dollar and a half."

PARROTS AND TREE TOADS.

A Dealer in These Animals Tells Some Interesting Things.

There are a good many bird stores about this big town, where not only birds but other curiosities are on sale, says the New York World. "How about parrots?" I asked. "The demand is increasing at this season." "How so?" "I do not know. It always does. A good parrot is considered company for many people these long winter evenings. Some of our birds are good talkers."

"What do you mean by good talkers?" "How many words or phrases are at the command of a clever parrot?" "Some of the best of them can speak as many as fifteen or twenty words. They can say they are hungry, thirsty, cold, good day, to-day, and all that; but you must remember the most enjoyable feature of the bird is its grotesque mimicry, utterly incapable of being explained. A fine parrot will go on imitating to the end of its days. In a few years it will be able to repeat an astonishing amount of chatter. If you regard this as talking, why their vocabulary is unlimited."

"You sell frogs and tree toads, too?" "Yes, sir."

"Well, these are funny creatures to have in a big town."

"Oh, no."

"Well, are the frogs used for squatters?" "I suppose so."

"And the tree toads?" "Am in the domain of your doctors."

and chemists, who are anxious to learn something of the circulation of the blood. The tree toad has legs that are almost transparent. The young doctor takes the leg, spreads it out under a microscope, and can see the blood corpuscles chasing each other here and there in the veins of the leg of the toad. We sell hundreds of tree toads for this purpose every month. Come around some time and I'll borrow a microscope and we'll try it ourselves."

SHAVED WHILE YOU SLEEP.

How the Native Barber of India Performs the Operation.

"Talking about barbers, now," said an elderly gentleman, whose clean-shaven face still bore the tan of the Indian sun under which the greater part of his life had been passed, to a New York Sun man, "I know that the American artist is very skillful with his razor and the luxury in and surrounding a barber's chair in any of the large cities of the United States is not equalled in any other part of the world. But, after all, the American barber has all the appliances of his trade. In India it is different."

"The Hindoo who shaves you while you are in your bed in the morning carries with him little more than a brush, a razor and a pair of scissors. He expects to find everything else that may be necessary in your bathroom. You pay him, as you do your other servants, by the month, and he visits you every day or every alternate day as may be agreed upon. If he finds you sleeping he never arouses you. He just studies your position and then shaves only the parts of your face that are plainly exposed to him, and so gently and softly does he do it that unless you are a very light sleeper indeed you do not know that you have been lathered and shaved until you open your eyes and see him sitting on the floor beside the bed."

"Then he makes his salams and begs you to turn over so that he can finish his work. But if you are lying on your back no delay is necessary. He finishes the operation and goes away without disturbing you and you awake to find yourself shaved without having seen the barber. Your face is, probably, a little clammy after it, because, of course, he cannot wash it. But as every man in India takes a cold-bath the moment he arises from his bed in the morning that does not greatly matter."

THE RUTHLESS TURK.

A Striking Pen Picture of the Scenery of the Bosphorus.

The Turk has been centuries, says Alfred D. F. Hamlin, writing in the December New England Magazine, the most ruthless of Vandals in classic lands, destroying the most precious antique monuments to obtain lime and mortar. Much havoc of this sort has been wrought in and about Stamboul, but a wiser use has sometimes been made of ancient ruins. Wherever a bit of medieval wall could answer his purpose, he has made of it the base of his house, thus subserving at once the interests of his purse and of the picturesque. The frowning machicolations of the old fortress become the windows of his kitchen and storeroom, and upon their crest his wooden walls perch in truly triumphant fashion. Part of the walls of old Byzantium are thus crowned with houses, and at Roumel-Hissar, beneath the windows of the American Robert college, a whole village clings to the scarps and towers of the frowning "Castle of Oblivion." No odder or more delightful confusion of beetling walls and conical houses could be imagined. The tops of the thick walls form lanes and alleys, leading down from level to level by steep inclines or crumbling steps. The crow's nest houses stand at every possible angle and elevation, overhanging the abyss on the farther side of their lofty foundations, and gay with all the hues of the spectrum.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

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The blood makes a circuit of the body every two and a half minutes, delivering nutrition and taking back waste matter to be filtered out by the liver and kidneys and removed from the body through the bowels and the urinary secretion. Any stoppage or obstruction of this process may produce various forms of disease, such as Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation, Headache, Debility, and bad blood with its multiplied evils (boils, blotches, pimples, eczema, eruptions, and the like). When such obstructions exist as evidenced by the presence of complaints similar to those just mentioned, the best medicine to use is Burdock Blood Purifiers, which unlocks the secretions, removing all impure and effete matter through the proper channels. By restoring healthy action of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, B. B. P. removes all impurities of the blood from a common principle to the worst scrofulous sore.

THE WALKING LEAF.

An Extraordinary Insect Found in the East Indies.

Among the insects, especially those of the hotter climates, the most strange forms are found, and some of them are so thoroughly disguised that only when they are in motion it is seen that they are living creatures. Chief among these are the "walking stick" and the "walking leaf." They belong to the family of Phasmidae, a very appropriate name, meaning a "specter." The former resembles a broken twig, and the latter, of which we give an engraving, a fallen leaf. The peculiar leaf-like elytra is there plainly shown, also the singular manner in which the limbs are furnished with wide flattened appendages, in order to carry out the leafy aspect. Only the females possess the wide-veined wing covers, those of the males being comparatively short. The wings are entirely absent in the female, while in the opposite sex they are very wide and reach to the extremity of the body. As if to add to the singularity of these creatures and to keep up the illusion, the eggs of several species are ribbed and colored precisely like the seeds of several plants. The species illustrated, phyllium sisifolium, is a native of the East Indies and is found there in large numbers. They live in the underwood of several shrubs and devour their leaves during the night, while at daytime they remain almost motionless and show signs of life only when disturbed.

Subject to a Machine.

Dr. Pinel, of Paris, bases an argument against the widely accepted theory of animal magnetism on the fact that hypnotic patients obey words spoken by a photograph quite as readily as those spoken by a person.

There's light ahead for the women who suffer, if they'll only turn towards it. There's a guaranteed remedy for all the delicate derangements, chronic weaknesses, and painful disorders that make women miserable. It's Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and it makes women healthy and strong.

It's a legitimate medicine that's purely vegetable and perfectly harmless—a powerful purger, as well as uterine, brain and nerve tonic, renewing and strengthening the entire system. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions of womanhood, improves digestion, cures the heart, cleanses and purifies, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength.

For periodical pains, weak back, bearing-down sensations, nervous prostration, and all "female complaints" and irregularities. "Purveys Prostration" is a positive remedy—the only one that's so sure and certain that it can be guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit you, you have your money back.

For particular pains, weak back, bearing-down sensations, nervous prostration, and all "female complaints" and irregularities. "Purveys Prostration" is a positive remedy—the only one that's so sure and certain that it can be guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit you, you have your money back.

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ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa

from which the excess of oil has been removed, is Absolutely Pure and it is Soluble.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocos mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Every Two and a Half Minutes.

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The blood makes a circuit of the body every two and a half minutes, delivering nutrition and taking back waste matter to be filtered out by the liver and kidneys and removed from the body through the bowels and the urinary secretion. Any stoppage or obstruction of this process may produce various forms of disease, such as Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation, Headache, Debility, and bad blood with its multiplied evils (boils, blotches, pimples, eczema, eruptions, and the like). When such obstructions exist as evidenced by the presence of complaints similar to those just mentioned, the best medicine to use is Burdock Blood Purifiers, which unlocks the secretions, removing all impure and effete matter through the proper channels. By restoring healthy action of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, B. B. P. removes all impurities of the blood from a common principle to the worst scrofulous sore.

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